

MANUSCRIPTS

ELABORATION

Brian Szurgot

Somebody else is the Sycamore.
I am the whispered wind rumors
 of treetop gossip.
Mine are vein switchyards
 that thin and stretch.
I am the songbird's hopeshout.

Ice-fingered limbs condescend
 to my burden of snow.

I am the mottled flecking
 of multicolored camouflage bark.
Mine are the worm tunnels
 in the softest skinwood.
I am the crackle of dessicated leaves.
Yet someone else is the Sycamore.

THE ELLINGTON EMERALD

Marta Phillips

Rodney Smythston had never understood his brother when he was alive. He wasn't sure he understood him now that he was dead.

Ralph hated Rodney. Everyone who knew the Smythstons knew that. Now Ralph had died and left his only valuable possession, the Ellington Emerald, to his despised sibling. He had inherited it from Grandfather Ellington, his mother's father, who stipulated the jewel be given to the first born Smythston son. It was the *only* thing of Ralph's that Rodney had ever wanted. Now it was his and he was damn glad about it.